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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF "NATIVE SONS"

By HARLOW GALE

Growing up and living in one's birthplace is a process of special and interesting psychological experience. The "Native Son" has peculiar advantages and disadvantages as against the migrator. As he continues through life to walk the same streets where he was born, played, attended school, hunted jobs, and got into business—even though his birth village has grown into his manhood's big city—he is enveloped by a host of childhood's memories. Most of these are trivial and chance associations, which were registered and preserved by the childish instincts of curiosity, novelty, and recognition.

There stood the ice-house where we boys cooled off in its chilly air and sawdust; next door was the tombstone marble shop of Finnegan, who found professional gambling a better business and has become one of the city's noted citizens; across the street Deacon Brown sounded a regular reveille by stentorially clearing his throat after brushing his teeth on the back porch; from the adjoining children's garden corner the miniature marble head-stone, "In Memory of Thomas Cat: Requiescat in Pace," was transferred into the foundation of the later bank building to interest the curiosity of generations of passers-by; in the former solid brick house on the next corner, with its mysterious safe in the wall by his bed, lived the Kentucky livery stable keeper, generous of heart to all poor funerals, as well as with his massive necklace watch-chain, diamonds, and whiskey; in that alley dwelt "Suky," amiable family horse relic, the master of whose youth had long laid beneath the oak tree and giant boulder in his own front yard, and whose later mistress deserted "Suky" to ride camels as a missionary in Persia; next to the vacant lot on which now stands the 17-storied Soo building, which we flooded in winter as a skating pond, lived the patient, methodical, harmless abstract-maker who was perennially but vainly a candidate for register of deeds; where that business branch of the public library now stands was a fine house for a conductor of even the gorgeous train to Chicago, and which was supposed to have resulted largely from the cash fares then considered as a vested right of veteran conductors; that dilapidated mansion

on the former fashionable residence street (now a ghost's walk of cheap boarding houses) was the scene of our schoolday dancing parties until the gigantic funeral of our mayor and seven members of his family who were all drowned together in a neighboring lake.

From the millions of memories associated with our school years from the primary to the grammar rooms of the original Washington School, where the present palatial city hall now stands, almost none survive from the drudgery of the three Rs. Here, again, it is the unusual, with its extra interest and pleasure, that loads up the brain permanently: the dark basement office of the superintendent, with his glaring eyes, which had the fascinating horror of a wolf's den; the fat and motherly primary teacher, who lavished her repressed maternal instincts on her charges; the sour old maid up stairs, who delighted in keeping us after school for technicalities and trivialities, and yet would share the luscious grapes of her brother's nursery with us bad boys; the jolly, romantic teacher who tried the experiment of seating boys and girls together in the double desks and seemed to have a clairvoyant faculty of getting side by side the pairs most interested in each other's welfare; the monster bell, in its separate tower, which was more fascinating to us when sounding fire alarms than when summoning us to school; some of our first art memories from the frescoed mongrel goddess of liberty, or something else, with the microcephalous head and huge feet, to give distinguished honor to the former high school room; the dark room of the first year of the high school in the basement of the old Universalist Church, full of heterodox mystery and conducive to pranks; the two upper floors of the cheap business block way down town, which made an unusual diversion from the traditional rituals of the high school's upper years.

The strongest memories of a Native Son's church life are naturally less trivial as they begin to come to the adolescent age of sentiment. Before that, however, St. Anthony of Padua's misty grey stones of the town's oldest church recalls being led through woods and far across a river by the venerable house-maid, Bridget, to the first church service. The long stretch of stove-pipe from the wood-burning stoves of our first paternal church, and its high, white pulpit with the winding side stairs, and the red carpet of the young pastor's study across the street in a business block, are far more vivid than the Sunday school instruction, not to speak of any vestiges of sermons. Our zeal in pumping the organ in the new church is even stronger than the customary process of joining the church with other boys and girls of some 14 years.

As a faithfully regular companion of one's mother at the weekly Thursday evening prayer meetings, the memories become mellow and tender only with maturing years. By a few of his boy-worshippers the handsome and athletic young pastor is remembered with gratitude a life long for his weekly readings with us from Verne's 20,000 Leagues, Baker's Africa, through all of Homer, much Chaucer and Shakespeare; although in a boy's comparative memory these literary accretions were overshadowed by his college trophy of a long oar from his victorious 'varsity crew' and by his beating us all at skating, swimming, rowing, running, riding and hunting.

When, with grown men and women, there are reunions of "Native Sons," of high school classes, or of churches, the instinctive pleasure in recognition is followed, after the greetings have gone the rounds, by the revival of such a jocose medley as the above. If a real historical paper is given on the country roads, as determining the contour and growth of the present city, the following conversation turns to frog ponds and water melon patches, with a vivid comparison of youthful adventures therein. Or, if an honored pioneer can get beyond his personal adventures in picturing the frontier struggle with the Indians, the comments go back to seeing six teepees on the present Bridge Square, or imitating the raucous squeak of the Red River carts. The resident members of the class of '78 gather in the old high school rooms and rehearse the peculiarities of Jim and Lizzie, describe Bill's shoving Mamie off the end of the recitation bench in the Virgil class and the serpentine of the Egyptian-bearded Greek teacher's legs about his table legs. At the homecoming of the Whitfield Church a comparison of a generation's contrast in ice cream and oysters, and the one-horse jump-seat buggy with 4-6s, is far more common than changes in the process of conversion or in the relative importance of home and foreign missions. The degeneration of the former solid stone church into the stable of a cheap credit furniture company calls for hardly more sentiment than the tremendous rise in real estate value of the abandoned church's site.

The older Native Sons become, the more their memories approach the senile condition of forgetting the recent and living in the past. While the middle-aged native born cannot be persuaded to join reunions of territorial pioneers, he cannot, on the whole, escape nature's inevitable constriction of his mental interests to that of his parents. Thus it is pathetic to watch the impatience and even contempt of the younger generation for the old settlers' museum collection of the first cradles, pianos, warming-pans, wash-wringers and what-not

ornaments, as the harbingers of the state's civilization, and for the trivial earliest pioneer recollections which are gossiped about the state fair log cabin or the "Oldest House" museum. Because, unless counterbalanced by imported ideas and interests, the first generation of native born will also be found, when gray haired, swapping endless tales of fishing, hunting, gardening, cooking, sewing, political tricks, school escapades, and church episodes.

In business life the sons of pioneers, growing up at home, follow the line of least resistance. As long as the supply of logs, wheat, speculative building lots, harnesses and whiskey lasts, the original firm name adds "and Son." If the firm family is already overpopulated, then it is easier and quicker to get spending money in a "Gents Furnishing," grocery, or shoe store, as a bookkeeper, or as a political clerk in the county auditor's or register of deeds office. When grain and stock gamblers are seen apparently getting rich quickly, with no other visible means than excitement, some unsophisticated Native Sons are drawn into the maelstrom, to be ejected broken and wiser men.

In political and civic life this same natural continuity of psychological life tends to make the Native Son a traditional conservative. Like father, like son,—Republicans and Democrats are propagated. He remembers the torch-light processions of the Hayes campaign and never questions his being counted in over Tilden by the famous returning boards in South Carolina and Louisiana. His only fight with his beloved cousin was when their fathers divided on Grant and Greeley. Even in the ward and town elections, where national parties have no concern, the Native Son holds to the last by caucus, convention and party cleavage. He remembers how things used to be done and continues doing the same. When the non-partizan primaries are introduced in spite of his efforts, he forms societies, after the boosting pattern of commercial clubs, to boost Native Sons into public office. In the west, like California, such societies are perniciously strong in trying to monopolize public office for Native Sons only. Why should strangers come in and usurp our inherited prerogatives? The ward-heeler type in politics, where petty patronage and graft are inherited from frontier life as respectable perquisites of public office, is largely maintained by Native Sons. Not, by any means, that they are naturally bad men; quite the contrary, as to their native instincts of friendliness, ingenuousness, imitation, and sympathy. They are simply the second generation's product of the original frontier settlers' business methods as they are developed naturally by competition, exploitation,

and speculation, as has been shown in such dramatic detail in Lincoln Steffens' "Shame of the Cities."

As against the foregoing mental traits of Native Sons, which tend to dwarf and stunt them into permanent childhood, there are some fortunate tendencies of boyhood surroundings. The continuity of individual and family life conduces to a more natural and unaffected development than do changes in environment. Jim and Lizzie have to at least play man and woman when sent out from home to sell drugs or teach school. To sell goods to strangers or to impress them with authority, some alloy of the American bluff has grown to be necessary in the natural make-up of our men and women. Prosperous but proper clothes; a dogmatic assertiveness about "propositions;" a hyper-optimistic, "fine and dandy" self-confidence; a hypnotizing stare and glad hand for every Tom, Dick and Harry; a fraternal "mixer" in all lodges, societies, and public-pulse meetings—such a business bluffer cannot impose so successfully when built on the foundation of a Native Son as on a stranger. Although the immigrant or imported stationer, druggist, department store proprietor, milliner, doctor, and clergyman can thus beat out the home "proposition," this artificial selection of business competition is not wholesome for character-making. Thus the Native Son has the ethical advantage, *nolens volens*, of simplicity and genuineness.

Then the continuity of family life, name and pride is favored by the stability of the Native Son. In the restless changes of dwellings and cities for novelty, style, adventure, or business chances, the chain of memories is so broken and started anew as to make more of a succession of personalities than one. The modest, literary, quaint country Illinois lawyer is suddenly transformed in Seattle into an aggressive, prosaic, mixer, exploiter, so that he forgets, and his children know nothing of the charming personality of his earlier ideal squire life. The vigorously ambitious young violinist, who has collected a rare library of chamber music, forgets in a few months, after suddenly deciding he must get rich quick by promoting automobile stock, that he ever rejoiced in the supernal beauties of Mozart's *Symphony Concertante* for violin and viola. Marriage makes far more geologic "faults" with women than with men, in its sudden shifts of habits and environment. But how much both parties lose in the strength of a consistent personality by not keeping hold of their young manhood and womanhood. How few families know or care anything about their genealogy back of their grandparents, or have any idea what their family name can and should stand for. Even if we have favored natural selection in our democratic

struggle for existence by discarding English primogeniture, the true spirit of Native Sons can hold to its vital psychological principle of accumulating worthy connotation, efficiency, character and ideals about family names.

Besides the advantageous natural mental traits of the Native Son, the disadvantageous dwarfing by his narrow life can be largely corrected by reading, education and travel. Kant, who never got beyond his native Koenigsberg and bachelor habits, nevertheless had more knowledge of and interest in the great wall of China, London Bridge, and human nature than most people who live right by and with these objects. Our Emerson, in the narrow limits of Boston life a century ago, had ranged through Shakespeare and Montaigne and already acquired a wider horizon than Harvard College, as he found it. At the same time Robert Schumann, before leaving his native Zwickau at 18 for his university years at Leipzig and Heidelberg, had so aided his literary father publisher and had so flown in imagination with Byron and Jean Paul as to leave in his *Jugendbriefe* some of the most charming letters in all literature. That English kindred soul with Schumann in poetic delicacy and manly vigor, William Morris, precociously leaped the bounds of his banker father's manorial country estate by reading all the Arabian Nights and Scott by his seventh year. His next year he visited all the old Essex churches, and splendid 15th and 16th century architecture and tapestries within reach of Woodford, while, by reading all the architectural books of his Marlborough School's library, he learned most of what was then known about Gothic architecture. No wonder that thus, before going up to Oxford, he invented and poured forth on his walks endless stories "about knights and fairies." The dull and dark environments of a Lincolnshire village rectory could not quench the inherited tendency to poetry in Tennyson, when the boy of eleven was so enamoured of Pope's *Iliad* as to turn out hundreds of lines of Popeian meter, and when, at twelve, he wrote 6,000 lines of an epic à la Scott. Even if few Native Sons can be philosophers, composers or poets, we can learn more of the real and higher processes of education from them than from all the pedagogies. In the andante tempo and intimation of Athenian leisure in New England life, it is not so rare, as in the west, for a Native Son to sit out his life in his birth house and yet widen his horizon suspiciously liberally by excursions in Goethe, Balzac and Tolstoy, as well as in Hawthorne, Thoreau and Irving.

A returning Native Son, who has been able to try leisurely various places and kinds of education in his own country, England and Germany, will find that the kind of education,

which really educates beyond his childhood's instincts and environment, is, alas, by no means the conventional and formal educational system. Algebra, Latin Grammar, Rhetoric, and all the primarily disciplinary studies, do not raise the scholar's eyes from the page. All the intolerable Native Son raconteurs have been put through the public school system and many even through their state or denominational university, but they continue through life to swap tales of frog-catching, melon-stealing and neighborhood gossip of swapping wives. But an interest in better and higher things can be awakened by an education that has gotten beyond mere discipline and accomplishment: History that has risen above the dates and tricks of kings and war to lessons for improving social relations; Botany, Zoology and Chemistry that lead beyond the microscope and professional mal-odors to the wonders of evolution in Darwin and Huxley at first hand; American and English Literature that has graduated from the game of "Authors" and shunts Grammar and Philology into graduate specialization, but lives in the lasting and stimulating companionship of Emerson, Holmes and Lanier, Tennyson, George Eliot and Browning; the Romance, Germanic and Classic languages, which smile at the old disciplinary regime and a parrot-speaking accomplishment, but lead hurriedly, with all possible help from the best translations or only through translations, straight to Voltaire and Balzac, to Stella, *Die Italienische Reise* and *Römische Elegien*, as well as all of Faust, to Samfundets Stötter, Folkefeinde and Brand, to the charming Odes of Horace, to the wonderfully advanced ethics of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus, to those mighty pictures of suffering in Philoctetes and Prometheus, and to the eternal timeliness and humanity of Plato's Dialogs and Republic; Philosophy, that does not impose on our reason by a priori systems of knowledge, but shows the perennial charm of poetical and speculative literature from the great Plato through the lovely Spinoza to the keen Hume and Schopenhauer and the arch metaphysical imposter Hegel; Psychology, that does not revolve in aimless and harmless kindergarten laboratory experiments, but traces the real process of gaining knowledge and sifting it by induction, traces the growth of our pleasure-pains as the basis of ethics and aesthetics, and demonstrates the wonderful causal dependence of all these mental processes on the modern marvelous Histology of the nervous system.

Some such a cosmopolitan education for Native Sons does not necessarily require a college. Most universities, indeed, do not get as far as such an education. So there is special encouragement for the Native Son who prefers living at home

and studying with the greatest teachers through their own books at first hand and in close companionship.

A similar educational distinction must be made by the Native Son in his traveling, if it is really to enlarge his microcosmos. The inheritor of some ramshackle tenements can burn up a large pile of his income by the captain's cabin, the Trafalgar Square hotels, the sights of Paris, a Grand Canal palazzo, crossing Siberia, and dallying under cherry blossoms in rickshaws. and yet return home with no wider interests than continuing to rack his poor tenants and to swap tales of these tourist side-shows with other globe-trotting curiosity-seekers. What a different booty can be brought home if the traveler tones down his speed, avoids the Cook parties' beaten tracks, and takes time to know somewhat of the older peoples and civilizations of the world. What an historical perspective of monkish patience, devotion and aspiration can be gained from a leisurely comparison, beyond the "A, B, C of Gothic Architecture," of the chain of monumental cathedrals from Chester through Durham and Lincoln to Canterbury. Our perspective of time is still further doubled or trebled by the Roman wall at St. Albans, the giant monoliths of the Druids at Stonehenge, and by the classic monuments of Greece and Egypt. How the romances of Tannhauser, Luther and Goethe can still be perennially transplanted from the enchanting Wartburg Castle and the park of Weimar! The incomparable Gallic grace and expressiveness has been found amid the exuberances of the Latin Quarter by thousands of serious sojourners before our poet-soldier, Alan Seegar. To stroll from Cambridge to Ely, discussing the basis of Ethics with a mature scholar of Trinity, to play tennis on its great field of courts amid famous dons, to drink tea thereafter in the same entry with Sir Isaac Newton's room and look out on the court where he experimented on the velocity of sound, to be welcomed into the professorial houses along the Cam with the inspiring breadth of their intellectual activity and warm sympathies, to be astonished at finding German docents playing Brahms right in their Anatomie and Irrenklinik, almost all the younger professors addicted to string quartets, and most all the music in the homes cultivated by the men instead of the women, to daily pass with reverence the homes and statues of Bach, Leibnitz, Wagner, the Schumanns, and Mendelssohn and to experience how simply and yet artistically richly the warm-hearted Saxons live; to watch the plodding specialization in science which narrows most of its plodders into intolerable machine men; to feast a week amid the pine woods, distinguished artistic gatherings and heroic music-dramas of Bayreuth—such travel-

ing into the real minds and hearts of our European ancestors can transplant much of their best life to our American shores, woods, prairies, and mountains.

When the Native Son returns home from such wanderings for improved ways of thinking and living, he may first of all, look about him for a better economic rôle. His father had been a real estate dealer and insurance agent, and now great ten-storied buildings were filled with the well-established office which the son was expected to enter and with hoards of similar and younger offices. But, as he had not seen a single such office during his travels abroad, he wondered for the first time whether such an occupation was useful and necessary. Although many immigrant laborers had been persuaded to buy a lot and build their own homes, almost all the original realtors themselves had ended their days in rented houses and near poverty. Speculation in land values, "building up the city" so as to abnormally inflate these values, had been their main occupation. Instead of laying aside a sufficient amount to yield a comfortable income for his family and speculate with the balance for the fun of the game, he staggered along from day to day with mortgages on his own home and every piece of land he had title to and with every possible cent borrowed from the banks and private investors, until a financial pinch took all. With indomitable optimism, worthy of a better cause, he would begin right over again. The son, however, as such new ideas came to him, could not bring himself to help continue such an army of unproductive, unnecessary, and burdensome land speculators any more than he could join the regiments of grain and stock speculators who filled the ironically named "Chamber of Commerce," "Board of Trade" and "Exchange" palaces. Similarly he could not help continue the burden on production and genuine trade of the extravagant army of insurance agents, when people should be encouraged to build fireproof and to train their bodies to be disease-proof, and thus cut out insurance speculation.

The solid streets of automobile stores, that had sprung up lately to stimulate the craze for mushroom novelties, did not tempt the returned Native Son, who recalled the similar craze for bicycles when he was a boy. For they purveyed chiefly, as playthings, to extravagance, display, obesity, society prestige and colossal wastefulness. Similarly, the fashion shops on Main Street did not now appeal to him as a worthy business, any more than for a girl to sell cigars and a good deacon to distribute whiskey by the barrel through his wholesale drug business. Just as the ancient gold ornaments from Troy are now the admiration and wonder of millions of visitors to Berlin's

Voelkerkunde museum, so it seemed now to our Native Son that whatever was of appreciable art value in all the jewelry shops should be in the cases of the art institute rather than hidden in deposit safes and occasionally taken out for mere personal vanity display.

When the Native Son considered banking, he recalled the ancient little bank up on the second floor of the court next to Wagner's birth house, which conducted all the necessary banking of deposits and exchange for as large a German city as his native city. Was it necessary that almost every business house, by doing business on borrowed capital, should also support its share of a big bank, just like its own employees? Then, too, a banker's concentration of attention on money was rather ossifying to his higher psychological processes.

In Leipzig, again, a city of half a million and the seat of the Empire's Supreme Court, one could scarcely spy a lawyer's office; why should huge buildings be filled with them in every young American city? Where sharp practice and legal technicalities so essential to genuine business that every corporation was forced to have an imposing firm of lawyers on its payroll? Perhaps, however, the enlightened Native Son could find an honorable and useful rôle as public defender for the helpless and in furthering the substitution of conciliation for litigation.

Physicians' and surgeons' buildings were likewise all out of proportion to the sick and injured. Through this too-muchness they were forced, through their neighborhood, lodge, church and club associations, to become almost as much ambulance-chasers as the lawyers. Yet the scientific education and long culling-process in making doctors produced the finest set of professional men, with whom it was a joy to associate when the distracted doctors could make time for a Ghosts' Lunch Club or Sunday morning quartets with Mozart and Beethoven.

Though perhaps our Native Son had expected, when he began his travels, to become a minister of the Christian religion, his itinerary showed that what was in common between the hundreds of Protestant and Catholic sects of the Christian religion and between the Moslems, Buddists, Confusionists, Maoris, Zulus, American Indians and Esquimos was an anthropomorphic mental imagery of disembodied spirits and a belief on their having some influence on embodied spirits. Nothing, however, of all these grotesquely varied spirits was at all proved; all was evidently accounted for by dreams and our primitive instinct for personification. While morality was not causally connected with any religion, its incidental furtherance had a tendency to be neglected the more a traveler got

away from the unctuous zeal of the frontier preacher. While one must admire and sympathize with many a non-traveled Native Son missionary of personal, social and civic betterment, the returned traveler could not conscientiously bring himself to work for these good things under irrelevant theological theories and rituals.

After all these eliminations of business and professional careers by our enlightened and disillusioned Native Son, was he in danger of becoming a mere negation to his fellow townsmen, like the young returned country squire who was looked at with suspicion because he had "gone back on his father's politics and his mother's religion?" By no means. There was still a wide range of positive and useful activities. Flour, soap, cement, clothing, hardware, books, and fiddles are necessary for our bodily and mental welfare. An honorable public rôle is open to honest makers of these essential goods, if he can get a fair return for these goods and not impose unnecessary burdens on their buyers by advertising, insurance, banking, speculation and monopoly-inflated profits. The more, too, he can cut out brokers, wholesalers and other middlemen between his wares and their users, the more lasting will be his monument of usefulness to his native city.

If professional life still attracts him, our Native Son may become a teacher of the ideals of the law, of medicine, and surgery, if not an honored practitioner. In the various branches of architecture and engineering there open up great possibilities of a most useful and intellectually stimulating career. What a splendid monument could be left in an improved sewer system, a new public library building, or a great concrete bridge. A transformed ethical enthusiasm turns naturally toward the school and college teacher, the librarian, the settlement house and charity worker.

The public function of "Beampton" can be raised towards the European standard of efficiency and respect, if civil service can replace or reform the ward-heelers. City, county, state and federal officials, from clerks to department heads, can best be filled, other tests being equal, by enlightened Native Sons. To prevent becoming mere routine machines, any official, like private accountants and machinists, should keep alive some intellectual or art interest outside his work. To the real student, whose education does not end with his graduation, a humble official position can give him freedom and time for life-long study and writing. John Stuart Mills' 33 years in the correspondence department of the East India Company have given the world the remarkable *Political Economy*, *Logic* and four volumes of essays of one of the clearest heads and truest

hearts that ever lived. If a governorship or senatorship, like his father's or uncle's, is his ambition, he can avoid the impositions, extortions and dictations which nearly swamped them as politicians, and steer a far more independent and real course of statesmanship.

This leads, finally, to the highest differentiation of the merely indigenous from the travelled Native Son, whether travelled through imagination or in reality. The test of the really educated man is what he does with his leisure hours. When lunch-hour, evening, Saturday afternoon, Sunday, holiday and vacation come, many a teacher, professor, or even college president show no higher educational ideal of happiness than the released bookkeeper does in the baseball or football bleacher, vaudeville or movie theatre, billiards at the club, playing society bridge, the mechanism of church-going, auto-speeding, sight-seeing, or in home-loafing. But the really educated man, be he Native Son or transplanted son, or immigrant, has found better happiness for his own time. He enjoys his own, not vicarious, exercise with his son or congenial friends in tennis, golf, or in long tramps, often alone with his best thoughts, along the grand old river gorge with its 8,000 years of leisurely making, or out of civilization into the wilds and beauties of the woods, rocks and waters. Only an occasional club, sans constitution and minutes, for science, education, philanthropy or art; dining only with real friends, and very few of them, for social refreshment; playing in or listening to chamber music for musical companionship; collecting his own books and music companions, as he is introduced from one to another, he can sit silently in his own library with the world's best thoughts and greatest music,—such a cosmopolitan Native Son can exercise the highest function of the genuinely educated man, can live the happiest life for himself, and be the modest illuminary to his fellow townmen of "sweetness and light."

Thus, in summary, the Native Son is doomed to a life of nightmare trivial memories from his boyhood's companions and environment unless he can keep these memories in historical storage compartments by an overshadowing superstructure of travel and education. Instead of drifting into an hereditary business or profession, founded on frontier speculation or exploitation, the wider-schooled Native Son can find his avocation as an honest economic factor in genuine production, distribution or service. For his personal vocation he can found a tuberculosis hospital, a good citizens' club, or a symphony orchestra, build a settlement house, father a mycology or geology club, or be a quiet example of sweet companionship

found in good books and music. As his own children grow up in the modern city of their grandfather's frontier village, the continuity of the old settlers' family names can form a true aristocracy of ability, congeniality and helpfulness. A wholesome pride and competition in the development of the old family names should be the basic bond in any Native Son fraternity. By such a grafting process of cosmopolitan breadth and refinement upon Native Son pettiness and crude vigor, there can be developed the truest and strongest type of American citizenship.